

a red jumper to boot

Arrows caressed my head but they were not fatal, just slightly charred with bloody scars.

I was amazed I could survive that.

I placed my fingers on the white trigger, partially dusty and fluid in the sporadic rain.

Shooting spontaneously into the crowd of masked assailants,
I was hoping to at least hit some of them before my bullets ran out.
It's hard not to get distracted when the chinese new year dragons
are screaming with internal firecrackers.

I busted my leg trying to jump over my car window.

Another masked assailant came out from above the fire exit
attempting to slice me with a sickle, but to no avail.

He ended up slashing the lady behind me in a blonde and pink attire.

How the fuck did he miss the feather on my hat though?

I seem to be able to take that thing off faster than I can draw my weapons.

I don't know, that red jumper on him kind of sucks, I think I want to take it.

Bargundy! Did you hear my call? We have to fucking leave!

Sorry chief, I should have heard you ten minutes ago, but dragons ain't exactly mutable.

These fucking brats stole my gun from behind my holster.

That wouldn't be the first time, you're not exactly on the skinny.

I would say fuck you too, but we are dealing with reality here, so whatever.

These branches of masked assailants are known as MPT:

MUD POWER TRIAD.

From what the locals have told me is that they attack in large groups

like a well rehearsed snake symbolically spraying blood in the form of a ballet.
Neat work, but blood is always messy. You are fucking messy with those donuts
regardless.

Tit for tat, fuck off, just get out of my sight and pick up some evidence
before you get back to me, I'm already getting sick of
looking at your pompous face, you're giving me the creeps, shoo!